

talking and the clerk's voice calm and distinct.

"A ring?" it said, "A diamond? For a lady? Let me show you these."

There was a silence, a few indistinct words and then more clearly in a voice that brought back to Bert's heart all the joy and all the pain of the night before. It was Joe's voice.

"Will you have this engraved in the ring?"

The clerk read aloud: "From Joe to Grace. Is that right?"

"Yes." The voice that answered was a little unsteady. Bert raised her head and turned, Joe was looking full at her. She smiled and he came towards her.

"You heard, didn't you, Bert?" he asked. "The weather has changed for me. It has cleared off fair. I wanted to tell you last night but I didn't. Will you say you are glad?"

And somehow, nobody knows how they do it but they do, she answered him naturally and smiled when he explained how it had come about.

But when he left her he took away the smile from her face. She remembered his kiss on her cheek. No—there was the memory of a stronger feeling. She knew suddenly again the weight of the dead child on her heart.

ANNIE PREY.

On Friday night, January 10, the officers elect of the Palladian Literary Society assumed their new duties. President, Miss Frances Morton; vice-president, Jasper Hunt; recording secretary, Miss Helena Redford; assistant recording secretary, S. J. Corey; music secretary, Miss Davison; critic, A. S. Johnson; treasurer, R. S. Hunt; sergeant-at-arms, Will Boose.

Professor Nicholson has been appointed one of the governor's delegates to the Beet Sugar convention to be held at Fremont February 5th and 6th. The University has ten delegates of its own besides this representation on the delegation at large. Professor Nicholson is also scheduled for a speech.

Through Other Eyes.

Some small beetles lived in a tiny corner where it was not very light. Every day, through a far chink, the sun shone in upon them. They wondered very much at the sun, and talked about it, beetle fashion. They thought the round far-off disc the shell of a big yellow beetle.

But one thing troubled them. The white line that marked every yellow shell of them all was not to be seen across the back of this great beetle in the sky. It was very strange.

There were beetles—and they were old and wise—who said that the line was there, it must be there. Was it not on every shell, broader and whiter when the shell was smooth and fair, narrow and shrunken to a faint line when the beetle was dwarfed and weazened? It *must* be there, invisible to beetle eyes which see but dimly in the half-darkness.

But there were very knowing beetles who said that the line was not there at all. And when the others insisted, they smiled through their goggle eyes and said that if there, the line must indeed be as narrow as that of the blind and hideous dwarfs of the tribe. So they began to wonder if this big beetle were not blind, or ugly, or maimed. "He may be a very big, big beetle," they said at the last, "but he is not a perfect beetle, after all."

And every day the sun shone on into their little chink.

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"God is not all-good, all-wise and all-powerful."

Probably not, as we count all-goodness, all-wisdom, and all-power. He may be something much better. He must be—if he is God. We would have him with the trade-mark of our little goodness upon him. We would see the white stripe.

We are very wise, no doubt. But the secrets of this little chink of ours which we call the earth, are too hard for us. And when we summon before us the Maker of this and other worlds, we do not even know